

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

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THE LILY.

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THE DREAM.

BY MRS. F. FARMER.

I had a dream: Times as they were appeared,
Before my sleeping fancy, all arrayed
In stark, old-fashioned comeliness,
I saw the maiden busy at her wheel,
Or through the warp in brilliant colors dyed,
Fast ply the shuttle, happy at her task.
There, too, I saw the mother in her place,
A frightful rent, an urchin's late mishap,
Gaped wide before her. Soon her skillful hand
Had made the garment "most as good as new."
Economy, a virtue in those days,
The housewife revered. And visiting
Forbade not industry. There sat a friend,
Who entered unannounced, knitting in hand,
Her clean check apron folded scrupulously,
An index of the heart. No waste of time,
Nor bread burned to cinder, dinner spoiled,
Had followed on her coming. Unceasingly
All gathered round the board the daughter filled
With plain, substantial food—without the acid
Of cook book or confectioner. Each spake
That which they meant, in quaint old-fashioned
words,
Which seemed not inconsistent with the times
No taunting show of finery displayed,
To banter strife or envy. Formality,
Intruded not her heartless presence there,
Congealing friendship with her icy breath,
And blighting social intercourse.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"
I saw the wheel as useless cast aside,
Midst the old rubbish of the garret loft.
The loom exchanged for a piano-forte,
Nicely attuned to nerves so sensitive;
The harsh, discordant buzz of the old wheel
Must have unstrung them quite. Fairy hands
Swept the smooth ivory keys so gracefully,
I could have vowed they never were designed
For the rude contact of a cooking stove.
The mother's nook now tenantless appeared;
She in the kitchen toiled the live-long day,
While the fair daughter thron'd her favorite waltz
A sad accompaniment for aching limbs.
'Twere madness now for housewife to display
The yawning rent; 'tis therefore let remain
Till past redemption. Economy,
If called to aid consumption of the purse,
Must give relief where none might tell the tale.
So delicate the public mind had grown,
The heart must callous be that dare offend,
Its modesty with vulgar sights, or let
Necessity from her smooth covering peep
To startle—Friendship, shall I say?
Nay! friendship so with interest combined,
'Twas deemed an ignis fatuus of the brain,
Which had no being in this universe.

"My dream was past," and I awoke to find
The idle fancies of a restless sleep,
Verging upon reality.

For The Lily.

OUR JOETTE;

A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt;
Or, Record of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

CONTINUED.

"Well, if that don't beat all," said Mrs. Edson Giles, the post master's wife, to her neighbor, Mrs. Talbot, who had dropped in to see if there was a letter from her son Charley, who had gone out West.

"What beats all?" replied Mrs. Talbot.

Now before we give Mrs. Edson Giles' answer, we will just say that Mrs. Edson Giles was one of the great family of Giles; for there were several brothers living thereabouts, and had each to have an adjective *attache* to distinguish them. There was old Mrs. Giles, and young Mrs. Giles; Mrs. Peach Orchard Giles, Mrs. Cripple Giles, Mrs. Esq. Giles, and Mrs. Edson Giles, whose husband kept store, was deacon of the church, school committee-man, and post master—and having so many irons in the fire, it was no wonder he had to let some of them get cold, or else turn them over to his wide-awake wife. The latter alternative was always preferred to the former, for Mr. Edson Giles was a man of business, or rather a business man—two very different things by the way. One of the affairs that often fell to the lot of Mrs. Edson, (as she prided herself on being called,) was to open the mail, and such was her occupation at the precise time of the opening of our chapter.

"Well, if that don't beat all!"

"What beats all?"

"Why here is the fourth letter from young Somers! I know his hand as well as I would Mr. Giles! The fourth letter, and he hain't been gone three months! The fourth letter to that little hunchbacked thing over to Sycamore hall."

"And does she answer him," asked the curious Mrs. Talbot.

"Not as I knows of; if she does, her letter goes in somebody else's name. I'll bet she puts them in his fathers. She's a shy piece, and sets up for a great deal of modesty, but I'll be bound its all make pretence. She's mighty conceited any how."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Talbot, whose generosity was established. Yes, I know that. I wonder that Mr. Somers don't look to it; that's what comes of sending boys to college and getting their heads full of books and poetry, and all that?"

"Afore he went away, he used to think a mighty heap of our Rebecca," said Mrs. Edson.

"Why do tell," said Mrs. Talbot, with evident surprise, he must be awful unprincipled; he was always hanging about our Nancy Jane. She has a pin-cushion now, all made of sea-shells and blue velvet, with vases and cupids all painted on it, that he gave her before he went off East."

Mrs. Edson Giles declared he must be as mean as pusly to be playing such pranks with all the girls, and stirring up their young feelings, and leaving of them to sigh in secret. For her part, she thought it would cure some of them from sighing after him, if they heard he was writing letters

to little Miss Hunchback. As for Rebecca, she'd known it for a long time. She would not have him, not she, if he was made of gold!"

How much more charitable conversation might have passed, had the good ladies been left to themselves, we don't know. Just then a third person interrupted their tete-a-tete by asking for letters for the ladies of Sycamore Hall. This was young Jonas Princeton, a near neighbor and friend.

"Any letters for Mrs. Jerusha, or Miss Joette," echoed Mrs. Edson; "yes, one for Miss Joette, as you call her, but I call her Miss Hunchback; not very reputable of her, I think, to be getting letters from young gentlemen," and she tossed her head with an attempt at scorn.

"And why should she not get letters as well as any one?" said young Princeton, fairly, "because she is unfortunate, shall she be deprived of the pleasures and privileges of others, who have already more than their share of good?"

"But who would thought of young Somers falling in love with her, or of her daring to love him? I think its right-down ridiculous. She's no business loving any body like him."

Princeton was vexed at heart at their cold sneers and seizing the letter, rode away, wishing devoutly that she, the beautiful and good, would love him. But he knew well that he could not reach the altitude of excellence that was requisite to attract with love a mind like hers, and was content to be her friend, her confidant and her adviser.

"What right has one like her to love," said the pettish little Mrs. Edson Giles, as she handed the letter to young Princeton.

"What right has one like me to love and be beloved," murmured the quivering lips of the maiden as she read and re-read the letter, so full of warmest affection. "What right have I to encourage this love, and bind his true and noble soul to one so unfitted for him. I ought not, I must not think of marrying; I have not thought of it till now, now that he writes the words, 'When these long tedious college days are ended, dear Joette, will you not be mine. Will you not plead with my father not to send me to Europe? Once I longed to go—now let me be by your side to cheer, to comfort and protect—I ask no higher honor, no richer reward for my labors and my toils.'" So he wrote.

"No, no, no," said Joette, "this must not be; Henry must not love me so. He says he 'cannot study.' He must study—he must not, shall not be turned aside from the path of duty. I cannot be his wife. Oh! fatal blow! Oh! cruel Father!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in sorrow, as she glanced at her broken form in her mirror. Why was I left to live in such a state? Then covering her face with her hands, she wept sad and bitter tears.

Henry's love had been to her a great joy. Every word he had spoken—every look, every token of affection, came back to her heart with freshness, thrilling it with a pure pleasure. Who does not love to be loved, and who shall tell the value of a love like Henry's, to one who had felt that such love was not for her? Beautiful had been the dream of a few short weeks. But his letter

the first that had alluded to marriage, had startled her from her reverie of bliss—had awakened her to their true condition, and fearful was that awakening. Terrible the deep conviction of soul that spoke out in tones that made her shudder. "This must not be—the silken cord that bound us must be severed, and my own hand must do the fatal deed—fatal for the happiness of the now, but full of promise for the dim, distant future. She wept, and then she was calm.

Oh! what a luxury are tears to the overburdened heart. The cold, the stoical, the utilitarian, sneer at the weeping sufferer, and call it weakness, to give vent thus naturally to the oppressed nerves and agonized brain. But woe to them that bind down the heart to sternness and strength, who chill the warm emotions of love, and bind the generous impulses with the iron bands of what is termed manliness. God gave us tears to calm life's ruffled moments, to soothe our sorrows, relieve our griefs, and a reviler is he who spurns the relief, or sneers at the wisdom of the Almighty.

Joette wept and then was calm; clear and bright as the stars shone out her duty. No doubt, no selfishness, dimmed its horizon, and seizing her pen she thus wrote to Henry:

DEAR, MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I wish you were here to-night, sitting by my side, that I might say to you all that I know ought to be said on the subject matter of your last letter, which I have just received, and which I dare not let one day go by without answering. To say that its warmth and earnestness was not agreeable to me, would be affectation. But yet it caused me deep sorrow and trouble of spirit. It made me weep, but now that I have wept, I see clearly marked out before me, the course which duty to you, to myself, and our friends, bids me pursue. I love you, Henry—love you with a fervency of affection that hitherto I have felt for no human being, and all the more for that kindly appreciation, that self-sacrificing sympathy that would take me as I am, when the brightest and the best of the beautiful ones of earth would gladly fill the place you would give me by your side. You say if I will but give you leave, you will resign the career which your father has marked out for you, and at the end of your studies return home and devote yourself to my happiness. All this is but the impulse of a young and generous heart. Pardon me—we are both children, but sorrow and sadness, trial and difficulty, have made me much your senior in reflection, if not in years. The poor little humpback whom you would so generously wed and shield, under your arm of learning and wealth and honor, has learned mightier lessons of wisdom, in the lonely hours of her solitary life, than you have gleaned from the harvest-fields of the past, gathered into books by the sages of olden time. Forget your dream of love. Go on with your studies; win the laurels which seem already twined for your brow; go to Europe; gather the knowledge and power your excellent father desires. But through all this, think of Joette only as a dear friend and kind counsellor, a receptacle ever ready to receive either your joys or sorrows, and to give you back sympathy with no stinted measure. Henry, I have said that I love you, and true love is never selfish; and I must cease to love truly, cease to be Joette, when I consent to fasten my destiny to yours, to chain you to disease and deformity for life. You will feel deeply this seemingly cold rebuff to your ardent hopes and eloquent pleadings. But if you are what I believe you to be, a sensible man, you will come to see that I am right, and school your heart accordingly."

So much of Joette's letter we have ventured to extract, because it shows the calm determination of a self-poised mind—one that knew duty and had strength to do whatever the voice of the spirit demanded should be done.

But let no one suppose all this was done without a pang. Never, never did a young, loving girl, give up this first love that had been interwoven with all her ideas of childish romance, with a deeper sorrow. Imagine her beautiful and undeformed, moving with a queenly grace through the admiring circle of warm friends and lovers, and then you will realize what it was for a young girl to refuse wealth, honor, position, talent, kingly form and age, and love has pure and devoted as ever fell

to the lot of woman, for the sake of him who was dearer to her than life. And Joette's heart was as warm and free, and beat with as true a throb as did that of her stately sister Mabel.

If Joette was beautiful, Mabel was grandly so—flashing upon you like a meteor, to startle and bewilder. Tall, queenly, graceful, with dark flowing hair and flashing eyes, that told us at a glance of the spirit that lurked beneath—a spirit full of life, energy, pride, ambition and passion—a spirit grand in itself, but needing to be tamed with a strong hand. Such was Mabel now, in the flush of fifteen, precocious in body and mind, impulsive, wild, wilful.

Joette had finished her letter, and sat leaning her head upon her hand, in a sad reverie, looking at the folded and directed missive that lay before her, when Mabel entered her chamber with a bound, her long curls streaming unconfined, and her homemade straw-hat tossed back, and hanging by the strings upon her shoulders; her cheeks flushed by a long walk, and her hands full of wild mosses from the hill-side, and a basket of nuts upon her arm.

"Oh, Joette, see here," she exclaimed, "give me a lesson in botany; I never saw the like of this before." She flew to the table, and was about to lay the moss upon the letter, when the address caught her eye. "Henry Somers—what do you write to him for?"

"Because he writes to me, sister," was the prompt and pleasant reply.

"Writes to you—what for?" said Mabel, as if the whole case was flashing through her mind, as if she saw at a glance all the difficulties that lay in the way, and read with clear and prophetic vision, the uselessness of the correspondence.

"Because he loves me," said the pure-minded and generous girl.

"And you write to him, because you love him, I suppose."

"Yes—what then?" said Joette, deeply wounded at her sister's manner.

"Why, then, he'd better love me," replied the thoughtless child, with a wild laugh, "for I would have him, and you never will, that's all; now give me a lesson."

"Not now, Mabel, not now—I am too sad; go away and come back to me to-morrow, and I will do as you wish."

"Oh, sister Joette," said Mabel, throwing her arms around her, "I did not mean to hurt your feelings—indeed, indeed I did not—it was so thoughtless of me; I did not mean any thing; do forgive me," and she kissed the fair brow soothingly.

"Yes, yes, child, I do forgive you; fully, freely, but go now, I wish to be left alone."

Mabel went away, pained that she had wounded her sister. She did not really mean what she had said—she had only spoken a truth which had flashed into her mind like an intuition. She said it, because she felt it, but when she paused to reflect, she could not tell the why or wherefore.

"Yes, she would have him, and I never will," said Joette, with a painful sigh; and she shall have him, and I will train her to be all that he would love, and her flashing beauty, her almost prophetic mind, her bounding spirits will be far more congenial to him when he has forgotten this idle dream, as he will when there is no hope. Thus will I work daily to bless him—though not in the way he asks of me now," and Joette arose from her task, despatched her letter, and went about her work as if nothing had happened to stir the calm of her life—as if she had not martyred the truest instincts of her nature for the good of another.

We will not tell the manner in which Henry received her letter, but his answer was one of mingled pleading and reproach—her return calm and unwavering.

A year went by—letter after letter penned, and he gave up and ceased to speak to her of love. He had consented to go to Europe, without returning home—he did not wish to come, now that he had renounced all hope of winning her to his wishes.

Almost every letter contained a scrap or a postscript from the witty, saucy, merry Mabel, and already was he beginning to feel an interest in her from Joette's constant descriptions of her beauti-

ful sister, her progress in her studies, and her development of mind.

"When you return," she wrote in her last letter, "you must help me teach her. She has a fine taste for drawing and painting; you can help her there, more than I; indeed, with good masters, she would be an artist."

Henry went to Europe. Joette's school continued. Mr. and Mrs. Somers occupied Sycamore Hall, while Mrs. English, whose health was broken, continued her duties as best she could, both in the school and household. But her spirit was bowed in trembling fear and sadness, for Willie, her bright boy, so promising, so full of energy and strength seemed leaning towards the frailties of his father.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Lily.

Capital Punishment.

My preserves are made and stowed away, (if they will only stay preserved,) the corn is dried, the apples are undergoing the contracting process, and I open that same old desk to see whether my brain is preserved, or dried and contracted.

You may ask why I did not *can* this or that air-tight, and seal everything that grows in the garden, forest, desert or ocean—because I have a scientific prejudice to the flavor or healthiness of sealed articles, and in a few years the world's progress will come up to my prejudice, and will wonder that fancy or knowledge could be sealed so long in air-tight cans, (mentally considered.)

I will unseal memory, and give you, perhaps, a well preserved description of two visits to Lyceums.

Four years this winter coming, I attended one evening a Lyceum in the city of Frederick, Md. It was a brilliant night from Heaven to which the city lamp added but a glow-worm's gleam.

The Lyceum building was built in modern style, with a magnificent front of freestone. Thro' the large panes of glass flashed a strong light from chandelier and lustral. We entered—the steps of our party were noiseless over the carpeted aisles.

Behind the rich velvet cushioned desk, sat the Judge of the debate. On either side of the rostrum sat the debaters, intellectual and eager, and before the evening closed, I was forced to add scientific and eloquent. Around me flashed bright eyes and smiles, feathers waved, silks rustled, and taken together, it was an elegant and refined auditory.

As the debate proceeded, argument answered to argument, clearly and easily, in glowing, rapid speech. The mind flew from excitement to excitement to excitement, till, too intensely thrilled, the audience swayed to and fro like a vexed forest when the tempest runs high.

The question was "Capital Punishment," and if the influences of the talent there displayed, could be thrown upon society at large, hanging might die for want of a gallows.

One year from that week, it was my privilege to attend a Lyceum in Michigan. Over the muddy road we had incessantly urged for a whole day, our weary frames. Tired with the monotonous swamp, the broken bridges, the swollen streams, we were forced to stop at the first house of accommodation.

There was to be a Lyceum in the neighborhood, and ever ready for knowledge, we determined to attend. It was a dismal night. The dull, dark clouds flew across the new moon, opening now and then a rift for a transient beam to fall upon knoll or hollow. Our party clambered over a high fence, passed through a yard where one or two cows were quietly grazing, and entered a log building, through a door so low that we, five feet and one inch, were obliged to stoop on entering. In one corner of the room were barrels filled with clover seed, through the centre were stretched three long slabs, supported by old boxes, and three sided blocks of wood. There was no floor overhead, but small scantlings lay from beam to beam, on which were thrown deer skins, old bags, and some hay. On a rude desk at the farther end, flamed a small tallow candle, which was thrust into an auger-hole, bored into the top of the desk.

To give a like coloring to the motly group assembled, needs a pen far more graphic than mine.

Men grown gray in the service of stalwart oaks and log heaps, whose better arguments were with the trap and rifle, leaned eagerly forward to cheer or rebuke.

The hardy youth was there, with his gun at his side, his dog under his feet, and his game in the corner of the room, near the door. I could see at once that they were bashful, but earnest, illiterate, but truthful—a divine impression of right upon the soul, but a nervous, bungling manner of manifesting it. Young beauties were there in homespun, with their rosy cheeks and their smiles; and there were the old mothers, who years before brought their bonnets, their cloaks and their young children into the wilds together. Bonnets, cloaks and children were present, and when the "darling boy" essayed three sentences without a stammer, the mother surely thought "her own" had gained the day.

The same question—"Capital Punishment"—was before the speakers, and if it was not as ably argued, the ideas elicited were quite as original, and good humoredly expressed.

The coincidence and the contrast struck me forcibly, and I thought that if, in the first Lyceum, humanity had better advocates, in the latter it met with a heartier response.

Money and refinement may polish the edges of a reform, so that it will cut like a Turkish cinnetar, but native truth untutored will dash aside wrong like a rock hurled from the brow of a mountain.

LIZZIE DALE.

Airy Dale, New London, O.

From the Richmond Palladium.

FRIENDS HOLLOWAY & Co.

The following lines were written by a poor mechanic of Killisnoe, Down, Ireland, on seeing a Family Prayer Book, which contained these words in the Preface, "This book is intended to assist those who have not yet acquired the happy art of addressing themselves to God in Scriptural and appropriate language." You will confer all favor by inserting them in your paper, believing as I do that they contain a clear scriptural exposition of true Prayer.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

While prayer is deemed an art so happy,

By a few who others rule;

Jesus, teach us its importance

In thyself denying school! [1]

Prayer's the sweetest, noblest duty,

Highest privilege of man,

God's exalted—man's abased—

Prayer unites their natures one.

God alone can teach His children, [2]

By His SPIRIT, how to pray;

Knows their wants and gives the knowledge

What to ask and what to say.

Why should man then manufacture,

Books of prayer, and have them sold?

Sad delusion! strive to barter,

Christ's prerogative for gold!

Where's the book, or school or college,

That can teach a man to pray?

Words they give from earthly knowledge,

Learn of CHRIST, then HE's the way. [3]

Why ask money from the people,

For these barren books of prayer?

Paper, ink, and words are in them,

But alas! Christ is not there.

Those who seek shall surely find him,

Not in books—He reigns within, [4]

Formal prayers can never reach Him,

Neither can He dwell with sin.

Words are free as they are common;

Some use them with a wondrous skill—

But "saying Lord!" will never save them, [5]

Those He loves who do His will.

Words may please the lofty fancy,

Music charm the listening ear,

Pompous words may please the giddy,

But Christ, the Saviour, is not there.

Christ, the Way, the path to Heaven,

Life is ours if Him we know; [6]

Those who can pray, HE has taught them,

Those who can't, should words forego.

When a child wants food and raiment

Why not ask his parent dear?

Ask in faith then, God's our Father,

He's at hand, and He will hear.

Prayer is an easy, simple duty,

'Tis the language of the soul;

Grace demands it, grace receives it,

Grace must reign above the whole.

God requires not graceful postures,

Neither words arranged with form,

Such a thought! it presupposes,

That with words we God can charm.

God alone must be exalted,

Every earthly thought must fall;

Such is prayer and praise triumphant,

Then does Christ reign over all.

Every heart should be a temple,

God should dwell our hearts within;

Every day should be a sabbath;

Every hour redeemed from sin,

Every place a place of worship,

Every tune a tune of prayer,

Ever sigh should rise to Heaven,

Every wish should center there,

Heart-felt sighs and heaven-born wishes,

Or the meek uplifted eye,

These are prayers that God will answer,

They ascend His throne on high.

Spirit of Prayer! be thou the portion,

Of all those who wait on Thee!

Help us, shield us, lead us, guide us,

THINE THE PRAISE, THINE GLORY BE!

(1) Luke, xi. (2) Romans, viii. 23. (3) Matth. vi. 6, xi. 29. (4) Col. i. 27, Luke xvii. 21. (5) Matth. vii. 21, vi. 7. (6) John xvii. 3. (7) Matth. vii. 11. (8) Heb. ii. 20, Matt. vi. 22. (9) Cor. iii. 17. (10) Luke xvii. 3.

For The Lily.

Mr. Felix Dobbs, Esq.

SIR:—I had the pleasure of reading your letter to "Strong-minded Women," in the Lily of August 1st; and, though I am perfectly willing that you should scold and fret at them as a *class*, for their non-performance of what they consider their duties, still *personally* I should like your to retract a little.

For I, my individual self, am a real living, talking, walking, acting Bloomer.

There! Do you begin to see there is such a thing possible?

That such things are in the world and are likely to be, much to the discomfort of the conservative.

And now that I *dare* and *do* wear the reform, or if you please, Bloomer dress, what next have you to complain of?

You say if I wish for rights, I must *take* them.

Very well, I am free as regards dress. I wish to be free in other respects, and would not only be *WILLING*, but *GLAD* to strike the blow *myself* if I knew in what direction to strike.

The fact is, my dear Felix, though much depends on the *will* to do, still more depends on the *power*.

I grant that it is because women think *so much* of what the men think, is just the reason they don't do more, for if you men, who are in reality in favor of such reforms would but "let your lights shine, others would see your good works," and the cause go on more rapidly.

So next time you hear Mrs. Grundy referred to, you just advocate what is in your heart, and my word for it, it will not be likely to prove an entire failure.

If men really wish women to wear a better costume, or have better employment, they must at least give encouragement to those, who both *dare* and *do* live the truth as they see it.

AN INDIGNANT BLOOMER.

Mr. Hurlbut, author of "Human Rights," says in opening the chapter on the Rights of Woman: "The present chapter is devoted to a general survey of the rights of woman—the rights of one half of the human race—and which I do not propose to treat as the 'better half,' but rather as the equal half of mankind. I shall not mock woman with fulsome adulation, lest I should offend her pride—nor yet withhold from her appropriate praise, lest I should offend her sense of justice.—Man surely makes no very humiliating concessions when he admits her to be his equal—and her proper ambition may well be satisfied without aspiring to be his superior. Woman is deprived of her natural dignity when the laws depress her below the condition of man—and she may be treated as an usurper when she aspires to exercise dominion over him."

The more nearly our minds approach to a state of purity in this life, the greater will be our chance for realizing happiness in the life to come.

For The Lily.

Thoughts on Temperance.

MOUNT LONELY, Aug. 25th, 1855.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall:—I am going to write you a few thoughts on Temperance, and as it is my first attempt, you can do as you see proper with them. Much has been said on the subject of temperance, and I have often thought I would like to cast in my mite. But I am getting old (and then perhaps I am out of my sphere,) but no matter, I have lived long, and had more experience than many, and whether I am right or wrong, I leave you to decide. But I feel assured that this is a subject that we cannot say too much about. For my part I think there is not a word in the English language, that can paint intemperance as it really is. I know something about it, for I have seen and felt its evil effects in my own family; and, O! how I utterly detest drunkenness in every form,—no difference whether men get drunk on rum, brandy, whisky, or ale; the last, in my opinion, doing the most harm, as it is making new drunkards by the hundred, at least in our good Buckeye State. But the law is such that man has the *power*, and a great many of them think that it makes but little difference about the women, as they hardly know whether they are imposed upon or not. Our legislature pretended to pass a law last winter; but by no means prohibitory. O, no! that would never do, for that would be against their own principles. As we are permitted to judge a tree by its fruit, so we judge the law-makers by the law they have made in Ohio. We have a fair specimen of the ale traffic in our town. Men engage in it that would not think of selling whisky, openly at least. But the ale, O! that is so healthy, and sure there can be no harm in selling it. But of take care, my good friends, some of you are fast becoming ale *bloats*, and soon, very soon, some you must resort to something stronger, and before you are aware of it, you will find yourselves *drunkards*! I was once acquainted with a promising young man who had a fortune left him by a rich old uncle. He commenced drinking, (just as some of my young friends here are now doing,) and in three years he had spent every dollar, and was a perfect vagabond, and one day in Cincinnati, stepped from a grog-shop and fell dead, and this is only one case among thousands. And now although I am an old lady, I am utterly opposed to drinking; chewing or smoking tobacco; and decidedly in favor of woman's rights. Some women say they have no wish to meddle with those things, and why not, let me ask? Perhaps you have never had a father, brother or husband, drunkard; if not, you may have. So long as the demon intemperance is in the land, our friends are not safe. Then why not be up and doing. Who, I would ask, has a better right? Are not we the sufferers? No difference if men do say that we are out of our sphere. Who ever thought that Jenny Lind was out of her sphere, going about the world singing for a living? Or that Queen Vic is out of her sphere, governing a nation. But in our good country, this delightful land of liberty, woman have no right to vote, or a voice in making laws. Yes, the educated and uneducated, foreigners and all, have a right to make the laws that govern the women. But the men say: it is nonsense for the women to have a vote, as they always vote as their lords and masters do. But, sirs, I beg leave to differ with you. I think if you will only look back to the Revolution, when so many of the men particularly in South Carolina, were base Tories to their country; almost all the women were Whigs, and did all they could for the country.—And if they had only had it in their power, they soon would have driven the *hordes* of Tories and murderers from our shores. And had the men been as true to their country as the women, the south would never have suffered as it did. But I thank God that the women are waking up to their own interest, and many of them have proven to the satisfaction of all, that they are fully able and competent to the task; and do know more than merely to come in out of a shower of rain. As I have said, I am getting old, and can do but little, but that little must still be on the side of temperance and woman's rights.

Yours truly,

R. S. S.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND. OCTOBER 13, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELEANOR FURLONG—Accept, please, our regrets for the non arrival of the papers, and we will immediately send extra copies, so that none of "Jette" will be lost.

SOPHRONIA G. CADY—The articles are received, and duly honored, as you will see by this paper. The 'Usurper' will grace a nook before long. Always glad to hear from Cardington. Our thanks,

To E. P. F. BRADNER, we send the thanks of a saddened heart.

Thanks to the D. of T., of Johnson's Creek, New York.

EMI B. SWANK's sweet lines especially to "A friend in Williamsport," will appear soon.

ADALINE T. SWIFT should have been credited in the last Lily for two letters instead of one.

R. M. SANFORD—Our grateful acknowledgments. Those stamps were received, and papers forwarded. Trust ere this they have reached their destination.

MAGGIE E. SWAYNE—Those sweet lyrics always gladden us. We send back thanks and pleasant thoughts. But the papers have been regularly mailed, and it is a source of much uneasiness to us that you cannot get them. We will try again.

SUSAN R. P. PIPER—We would heartily encourage your literary spirit. Keep it up with a hearty cheer and good spirit. Education is one of our best watchwords. Thanks for the list, which is recorded, and the papers will be, as they have been, mailed regularly.

ELIZA J. HALL, of San Francisco, Cal., is informed that the "Genius of Liberty" is not now being published. It was suspended, we believe, in consequence of the apathy of those whose business it was to sustain and care for whatever is calculated to develop and elevate woman. The able editor has long suffered from ill health. May her pen again be engaged at no distant day.

Mrs. Hall intends starting a paper at San Francisco. Our best wishes for her success.

OUR BUSINESS DERANGEMENT.—We are ashamed to come to you, friends, so far behind time, and mortified to be always apologizing. Our business became deranged at the same time it was accumulating, and ill health and trial depressed us. Yet we keep up a firm faith that erewhile, with renewed strength, we can re-arrange all. Meantime the papers shall all come, and if they are late, you will have charity for it.

WORD FROM THE NORTH.—At the meeting of the progressive friends in Livonia, Wayne county, Michigan, on the 29th and 30th of September, and 1st of October, strong resolutions on woman's and children's rights were passed. Henry C. Wright, C. C. Burleigh, J. Philio and other speakers were present. I can give you but little account of the proceedings, being able to be present but part of one day of the three. I believe, however, that a deep and enthusiastic feeling pervaded the well-filled house. There are some few in that town and Farmington, who not only believe in the emancipation of women, and the rights of children, but they preach, too! Among the ladies of this class, are Miss Green and Mrs. Thayer. Success to them. E. P. F. B.

LIVING WAGES FOR WOMEN!

NO! THIS WAY!

Thirty cents a pair for making cloth pantaloons.

The sewing women of our city are experiencing at last some of the subtilized gallantry! sweet justice! or any other name you please! that follows so surely her footsteps in her industrial sphere. Thirty cents a pair for the making of cloth pantaloons! How can woman say "rights enough?" How can man, the self-styled protector—the definer of spheres, tolerate this outrage upon the home woman? She who alone and single-handed, with the enduring stability of unconquerable love, not only dispenses the home comforts to helpless and depending families, gathers together the ends and the shreds out of which to manufacture needed supplies, evidencing the possession of far more management than means, but also with the true hand of energy and perseverance earns the necessitous income that supplies their daily needs. Oh, shame, shame! Are we in the great valley of plenty, so soon to feel the avaricious grasp of the heartless speculator, and have the death-dealing customs of over-grown cities, reeking in our county-air? Has woman no wants but the "joy of grief," and the "pleasure of self-denial?" Women will you, can you submit? Will one woman be found so treacherous to her own being as to take one stitch for the oppressor who would thus snatch the smallest comforts from your home, and the bread from your children's fingers?

DIED—At the residence of his father, in Chester, Geauga county, Ohio, on Monday, the 1st of October, JOHN GARR MILLER, aged 23 years and 6 months.

The deceased was born in Bainbridge, Geauga county, Ohio, on the 30th day of March, 1832, and resided in his native county during the greater portion of his life. For a year previous to his death, he had resided most of the time in Chardon, and, for several months previous to that event, had been pursuing the study of the law. He was a member of the Board of School Examiners for this county, and had devoted much of his life to labor in the cause of education. He was attacked very suddenly and violently by disease, while engaged in canvassing the county on business for the Treasurer, and reached his father's home, as it proved, only to die. He was first attacked by bilious fever, but the disease afterwards assumed a typhoid form, and terminated on his brain.

We cannot appropriately express our feelings in view of the sudden and unexpected death of our valued young friend. Silence is, perhaps, on such occasions, most expressive. Death at all times, and under all circumstances, is a solemn thing, but when it takes from our midst one in youth and health, and the strength of hope and promise, it is more impressive than ever, and should teach a lesson to all living.

The deceased was extensively known, but it is no exaggeration to say that those who knew him best, prized him most. He possessed a well cultivated mind, and a sincere and ingenuous heart. He was a faithful friend and an agreeable companion. Our readers, who have often, during the past two years, been favored with productions of his pen, can bear us witness that they ever breathed the same pure and lofty sentiment. He has left some poetical productions of no ordinary merit. He read much, but he read little but the best literature. He sympathized with all the great reform movements of the day. The cause of Freedom and of Temperance found in him a devoted and consistent supporter. With great liberality and magnanimity, he desired to arrive at the truth of all things, and condemn nothing without investigation. Like all humanity, he doubtless had faults; but few young men could claim a more blameless life than was his—there are few that might not profitably emulate his example. We had predicted for him a useful and brilliant future

—but all his earthly aspirations are now over, and we can only hope that the living may be benefitted by his brief earthly career, and that his free spirit may realize the truth of his own language—

"There falls no blight on the things that bloom
Beyond the sky and beyond the tomb."

At a meeting of Chardon Lodge of Good Templars, on Thursday evening last, M. C. Canfield, Esq., presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That by the painful intelligence of the sudden and unexpected death of our late worthy brother J. C. Miller, we are forcibly reminded of our own mortality, and the fleeting character of all things earthly.

Resolved, That while we submit with humble reverence to the decrees of an over-ruling Providence, yet we deeply lament our Brother lost, and sincerely sympathize with his bereaved kindred.

Resolved, That in our hearts we will ever cherish his memory, and in our lives emulate the virtues of his example.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records, and a certified copy forwarded to his family.—[Chardon Democrat.

At the request of J. O. Converse, an intimate friend of the deceased, we cheerfully give place to the above notice. J. C. Miller was a true friend of the Lily; he was well known to some of the people of Indiana, and his death leaves a sad void in many places. Sickness and death are sad, oh! how sad to us. We mourn our loss—we would that our friends could have been with us longer. We feel that we have not made them so happy as they deserve. We mourn that we have not made them feel more our love. But what is earthly happiness to eternal bliss, which, by faith, we feel that they enjoy? What is human love to the love Divine which is, by grace, their portion now. We feel, too, now, a new connecting link between us and heaven. Bright messengers of hope ply the dark shadowed depths, shedding light and peace to the sorrowing heart.

From the Cold Water Journal.

THE SKIN.

BY H. F. CONDUCT, M. D.

Man is prone to look away to the rivers of Damascus, to the neglect of the little streams that flow at his feet.

In the use of Hygienic appliances, the skin is the chief medium. It is by means of the skin that we hold a sort of communion with everything around us. By it we judge of a substance, whether it is hot or cold, hard or soft, rough or smooth. In cases of blindness, this faculty reaches a wonderful degree of perfection, making up to some extent even the want of sight. By it we determine the relative temperature of water, as to its being tepid, warm, hot, cool or cold.

The skin is a medium of nutrition. The stomach has often been in such a condition as not to retain food. Then the skin has been called upon to perform the duty of taking in nutriment to sustain the body. The skin cannot only take the matter into the system, it can also give it out.—These functions are called absorption and exhalation.

The skin is furnished with two systems of glands—the sweat glands and the oil-glands. The former performs the function of perspiration—the latter pours out oil, which tends to its softness and pliancy. It gives out, also, carbonic acid. Thus we have forced upon us, the importance of its functions. We readily see what must happen when the pores of the skin are obstructed. The currents of foul material, once checked in their progress outward, do not stand still. They reverse their course, and setting inward, pour their destructive contents upon the inner organs, liver, stomach, bowels, lungs—often laying the foundation of deep-seated disease.

When the perspiration passes off in the form of watery vapor, it is called Insensible Perspiration.

When it collects on the skin in drops, we call it Sensible Perspiration.

Various experimenters have found in the sweat, lime, soda, salt, iron, animal matter, lactic and acetic acids, with trace of ammonia and potash.

The two great surfaces that give out watery vapor are the skin and lining membrane of the lungs. These, together, exhale or give out over three pounds daily. Of this quantity, the lungs loses one third, the skin over two-thirds.

What are the conditions which influence the activity of this discharge from the skin? Why is it more active at one time, and less so at another? These conditions are—a strong digestion, a dry atmosphere, vigorous exercise. The reverse of these lessens this discharge.

The skin exerts a great influence over its fellow organs, in particular over the kidneys.

When the skin is active and healthy, the various portions of the machinery move on in harmony. Let the functions of the skin be checked, and there is discordant action everywhere, especially in the kidneys. If one hundred grains of noxious matter are thrown off by the skin every day, and you check this in any way, so that not more than one-half of this amount is given off, it is instantly cast upon the kidneys, or into the circulation of the blood. Hence in all diseases of the kidneys how important to attend to the functions of the skin.

Much in these days is said, by doctors and in medical journals, of Bright's disease, or Albuminuria.

In the cure of this disorder, no remedies are so likely to prove sovereign as those presented in the Water-Cure appliances. If what we have stated be true, what agent in Nature assumes a higher importance, or claims a higher place in our sympathies, or merits a loftier place among remedial agents, than pure soft water? Search creation round, and where will you find, 'mid all the varied and countless causes of gratulation and joy, one so worthy as the clear, perennial Spring?

Yes, bathe, if you would be well and happy, wash and feel nice. Keep the skin clean and soft. Don't shoulder dirt to weigh down your dignity, and cause you to look mean in your own eyes, and sleepy and dingy in those of your neighbors. Wash, that you may be thoroughly awakened, and the outer doors of your muscular system unlocked, that the impure may freely pass out and the pure come in. Don't clog yourselves with the accumulating two pounds daily.

And you, mothers, do you consider when you lay aside the outer garments only, of your little ones for their night's repose, and replace them in the morning, accompanied with barely the touch of water to the face and palm of the hands, how thickly studded their garments become, with the old or refuse atoms from the system? And therefore how essential to health are their proper airing and change? Do you remember that while the watery portion of the waste matter of perspiration will evaporate, the remaining atoms need the daily bath for their removal?

For the Lily.

MY EARLY FRIENDS.

Sweet memory, I love thee! I would go back through thy green vistas, and call up again thy golden treasures. I recollect many, but have time to speak of but few, and can hardly expect to do justice to their memory. Oh, friendship, thou art a mysterious thing; thou causest visions in the night watches, and even in the more busy scenes of day thou art ever present, and still a mystery. But I was speaking of my early friends, my companions in childhood and my delight in more mature years. And first on the tablet of my mind, is Laura. She was my earliest friend and confidant. Well do I recollect her when we were "tiny things," and she so gentle that no disturbance ever arose between us to mar our peace, for I could invariably follow my own inclinations, and although I sometimes felt the reproving of con-

science, all passed on smoothly with us. We attended the same schools, made our juvenile parties in conjunction, followed the same sports and pastimes, but I ever felt my inferiority, yet no inferiority, yet no envious feelings possessed my bosom. Why was this? Not but I was at times troubled with that hateful passion, but she was a being too open-hearted and unpretending to excite that deadly passion. We grew together until budding womanhood, when it became my misfortune to remove some few miles from my almost indispensable companion. I endeavored to form new associations, but found none whose society and confidence was so endearing to me as that of Laura.

After the lapse of a few months, I visited again the scenes of my childish years, just as winter was preparing to take leave for the season. He was a fun-loving jolly old fellow, and not utterly devoid of our friendship, yet he had so many out-breaks of temper, that we always felt relieved when he took his departure. It was on that eventful period, "the last day of school," that I returned to my former home. I had many warm greetings on entering the schoolroom and was truly glad to see their joyous faces. But Laura had not yet arrived. Presently she came; her eye met mine, and the warm pressure of the hand, told me that the heart was unchanged. She seated herself beside me, and I soon saw that some secret grief was preying upon her. Recess came. We retired to the open air, and from the crowd, and I soon learned that Slander has been at work and the gentle Laura was the victim. Oh! thou hideous monster! When will society learn to place a veto on thy movements, and the children of one common Father leave unscathed that sacred jewel—character. Some of the more credulous were disposed to believe it, while the more considerate regarded it as a base scandal, without the shadow of truth. In vain did I attempt to soothe her feelings—hers was not a proud spirit—but she was deeply grieved, and when I urged her to disregard it and assume her wonted cheerfulness, in the consciousness of innocence, she replied, "there are so many who will believe it." I returned home, but thought much on the mischief occasioned by the forked tongue of slander. She remained in the place some two or three years, but her cheerfulness and vivacity were gone. At the expiration of that time, her family removed to Buffalo, and I never heard from her but twice. One year after her removal, she married a very worthy man, and at the expiration of the second year, death had kindly snatched her from this heartless world "sorrows grow," and transplanted her in a clime more congenial to her nature. An infant of a few days was deposited in the same narrow bed; and although I have never learned the particulars of her death, I have always felt certain that the circumstance narrated had more to do with it, than many might suppose. But she is now above the reach of calumny, and I hope this simple history may warn us to place a guard upon our lips when speaking of the character of others.

My mind next reverts to Mary; a bold energetic girl, formed by nature's hand, to lead in any enterprise. How often have I wondered, that her name did not head a list in favor of the rights of woman. But as I have had no intercourse with her for a score of years, I do not know but her character may have undergone a change! She was decidedly our leader at school; and we followed as though we had been born to obey. We envied her position, for we were sensible that she was in her proper "sphere." How unlike the gentle Laura, and yet she was worthy of our confidence, and truly beloved by us all. 'Twere folly for me to attempt to portray her good qualities, for she yet lives, and is a resident of the "Great West," and her eye might perchance fall on this imperfect sketch and recognize the picture. Often while reverting mentally to my early days, have I thought I must send out a little messenger to search for Mary, as well as other of my early associates. Perhaps she has never heard the subject of "Woman's Rights" investigated; if this be the case, I can easily account for her silence, if not, she must have changed or her noble nature, her bold and energetic character; never could be silent and see one half of God's noblest work made subservient to the other. Adieu, dear Mary, I hope to see thee again in

time, but if not permitted, humbly trust to greet thee in a happier state of existence.

My mind would now lead me to speak a few words of H—, but I remember, she is a peruser of The Lily, and I am sensible I have not as much latitude to speak of her virtues, as I should otherwise enjoy. I will therefore content myself with one characteristic, viz: independence of mind.—Would that all our sex possessed that useful ingredient of life, in as great perfection; then would the reform in dress supercede the street-sweeping skirts of our fashionable ladies, and we attired with a view to comfort and neatness. Pardon me dear H., for I am certain your keen black eye will recognize the portrait as well as the artist.

The next I would speak of, is a dear cousin.—We were intimate friends from childhood, but I must not speak of her virtues here, for she also, is a subscriber for The Lily, and it is more than probably her eye may follow this, if so, dear H., for give me and receive this as a "token of friendship."

One more friend, also a cousin, I would wish to mention. My intimate acquaintance with her was not protracted, but she was an unwavering friend in a time of trial, and I have ever revered her memory. I lost sight of her for half a score of years, but have of late sent a trusty little messenger and he has returned bearing despatches of the latest date, and giving satisfactory proof that he performed his mission well.

Ah! now I remember: I have one more cousin I must not neglect, for she has been an invalid for thirty years. At the early age of ten, disease laid his withering hand upon her, and she sank beneath his iron grasp. What hours of agony, what interminable nights and days of wretchedness. Well has it been said that health is the greatest earthly boon, and like all others, we do not fully appreciate it until deprived of it. But in the midst of affliction she has been in possession of a hope that has been as an anchor to the soul, and has often raised her above the trials of life. She has of late been removed to the "Far West," and has since been called to part with a sister younger and more beautiful than herself. Farewell, dear A. I hope to meet thee together with thy family in that blest land where "Sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more. SOPHRONA.

Cardington, Ohio, July 25th, 1855.

"Our Mother's" Earthly Life has passed.

Lily Sept. 15, 1855.

TO MRS. BIRDSALL:

With the weight of the grief which "Our Mother" disclose Thou must write for the thoughtful, the gay and the old, Must unfold the fair petals which bloom 'neath thy care,

Must embellish the rare cup which is pure as fair: No matter how heavy the tear drops which hang On the lash or thine eyes, or how deep be the pang Which wringeth thy heart—forth, forth there must flow A stream of bright sunshine; the Lily must go To the hearth where the fires of intemperance burn, To quench their fierce ragings, or soothe in its turn The wife or the mother, the child or the friend, Whom their fierceness have seathed till their griefs know no end;

Forth, forth to the hearts that are struggling for right, 'Gainst the power of the past, the error of might.

"Our Mother!"—How scarcely it telleth the grief! How softly it speaketh the blessed belief That she who has cradled thine infancy's rest, Has passed from thy home to the home of the blest; How scarce can thou trust to one stranger thy tale Of sorrows or hopes—thy "heart life" unveil. Yet rest thou in faith, thy Father in Heaven, Has accepted the gift, and eternal life given.

E. P. F. BRADNER.

Bedford, Mich.

DUTCH WOMEN.—Coleman in his "European Life and Manners," gives the following description of Dutch women:

"I think some of them are the fairest and handsomest features I ever looked upon, and made of unmixed porcelain clay. Before I left England I thought the English women the fairest I had ever seen—I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much excel them. Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the glittering dew-drops hanging among its petals—take the fairest peach that ever hung upon

the tree, with its charming blended tints of red and white, and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and Saardam.—If their minds are as fair, and their manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant—a sort of thin gold helmet fitting close to the head, leaving enough hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold extending across the forehead; at the ends of this some rich and elegant wrought filagree ornaments of gold or of diamonds set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace."

The National Convention!

We were sadly disappointed in not getting down to Cincinnati, at any rate the last day of the meeting. So not being there to attend to getting minutes, we have not been able to get any thing satisfactory. We give, however, the following, from the *Daily Commercial*. We omit in it, however, a few senseless slurring sentences that were not worth the time it would take to put them in type. We regret not having the minutes from some of the friends present. But we do the best we can.

National Woman's Rights Convention.

This body convened in Smith & Nixon's Hall, yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. During the forenoon session the Hall was about one-fourth filled. The majority of those present were ladies, many of whose features were indicative of more than ordinary intelligence. The more common ideal of a "strong minded woman," or a "Woman's Rights woman," did not seem to have many embodiments present, for even those who took the most active part in the business affairs of the Convention, did so with an ease and grace that appeared, at least, to disrobe them of that nonchalance and masculinity that is generally supposed to belong to those enlisted in this corps of Reformers, though some of them were arrayed in dresses which to us, of orthodox notions, seemed radically short in the skirts. A more promiscuous group of costumes is very seldom met with, for there were ladies dressed in the most conservative Quaker style, and others in the most (or least) approved Bloomer; some wore the much-admired long and flowing skirts, revealing no ad on dresses just short enough, their many worn white pantalettes, the first step towards Bloomerdom. Many wore their hair nicely smoothed down upon their temples, and others hanging in dangling curls.

The Convention was called to order by Ernestine L. Rose, who presided at the preceding convention.

The following officers were chosen:

President—Martha C. Wright.

Vice Presidents—Ernestine L. Rose, N. Y.; James Mott, Pa.; Frances D. Gage, Mo.; Harriet M. Tracy Cutler, Ill.; Emily Robinson, O.; Euphonia Cochran, Mich.; Mary B. Birdsall, Ind.; Pauline E. Davis, R. I.

Business Committee—Lucy Stone Blackwell, Lucretia Mott, Joseph Barker, Josephine Griffing, H. B. Blackwell, Adeline Swift.

Secretaries—Rebecca Plumb, W. H. Smith.

While the committee were preparing resolutions, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, formerly of Poland, took the stand and stated at length the object of the meeting, defined what was claimed by the advocates of the reform, said that the press was becoming more just towards them, and allowed that that it was quite appropriate for ladies to become States men.

She was followed by Mrs. Tracy Cutter, of Illinois. She asked if it was an assumption for women to ask to be protected in their individuality. She said that from many remunerative employments they were excluded, because it was claimed that they were beyond her sphere. It was often said that if women leave home to mingle in public affairs, that home will be neglected, the little ones be left to cry, and the like, but if God had implanted in them as a principle that it is their duty to attend to the house affairs, they will be drawn to them.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, then read the following:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS PLATFORM.—WHEREAS, all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—and, whereas, to secure those rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; Therefore,

Resolved, That the Legislators of these United States are self convicted of the grossest injustice and of inconsistency with their own admitted principles while they refuse these rights to women.

Resolved, That taxation without representation is tyranny.

Resolved, That in accordance with an universally admitted and self-evident truth, *Women* should possess the elective franchise, as a basis of all legal and political rights, as the only effective protection of her interests, as a remedy against present oppression, and as a school of character.

Resolved, That the right to acquire knowledge should be limited only by the capacity of the individual, and therefore we deprecate especially that social usage, inexorable as a written statute, which excludes women from all our best colleges, universities, schools of law, medicine and divinity and that we demand equal scholastic advantages for our daughters and our sons; that while only three out of one hundred and fifty American colleges are open to women, and while every avenue is closed against her, it is unfair to judge woman by the same intellectual standard as man, and impossible to define a limit to her capacities and talents.

Resolved, That the inadequate compensation which the labor of women now commands is the source of inexpressible misery and social demoralization. That inasmuch as the law of supply and demand will always regulate the remuneration of labor, the diversity of female employments and her free access to every branch of business are indispensable to the virtue, happiness and well being of society.

Mrs. Mott moved that the resolutions be laid upon the table during the Convention, so that persons wishing to might discuss any subject they embraced. In taking the vote, but a few faint voices were heard.

Mrs. Rose said that she hoped every one would vote out as to heard; that it was proverbial that "nay" was a hard word for a woman to utter, but now she judged "yea" was a monosyllable quite as difficult to speak. She wished all "everybody in the hall" to vote.

Joseph Barker, of Ohio, was the introduced. He said that he thought the movement right, and that man in conceding the claims set up, would not only be acting justly, but likewise wisely, for by advancing woman he would be conferring benefits upon his own kind, as whatever effects woman affects the race of which she is a constituent part. Woman should be allowed a full development of her moral and intellectual powers, so that the influence she must and will exert, may tend to improve society. It was only in his half-savage, half-barbarous state that man would refuse the rights the women now claim. By historical facts it was evident that woman would not be justified in trusting her rights to man. All laws had been made to favor men especially. That, though the clergy are now generally opposed to the woman's movement, yet, when it becomes popular they will learn how to construe certain passages in a favorable light.

J. Mitchell, of Missouri, submitted a resolution that "this Convention invite all editors and members of the press to attend it." This elicited some remarks, to the effect that the Convention was National, and Mrs. Rose remarked that in national conventions the men never recognized women, but that the women recognize the men.

Lucretia Mott then gave some admonitions in regard to persons dragging in their peculiar religious views. Adjourned till 2 1-2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After reading the minutes, Mr. Wise of North Carolina, read an address.

He first glanced at the successive revolutions that were necessary to prepare the earth for the residence of man, and stated that a similar progressive development had gone on in society from

the stages of barbarism to those of civilization; the period of woman's inequality is so remote that it is not definable; that is strange that those patriots who stood on the field of the revolution, proclaimed the inalienable rights of man, but did not assert those of woman. That strife was created by a denial of representation to the taxed colonies. The negroes in some States are exempt from taxes, because they have no representation. But the property of woman was everywhere taxable, though they have no voice in legislation. There cannot be, there have never been, any great reform unless she has exerted the greatest influence, and she ought to have full opportunity to exercise her powers. The first acknowledgment due to woman was, to legalize her equality with man.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell spoke—It marked an era in the progress of Woman's Rights, that not only the grey-headed men took places on the stand, but young men also. Her friend had given her text, that most women engaged in the movement were disappointed and soured. She had been disappointed from her earliest years. She had, when playing in her childhood with her brother, often wished things that were denied to her, because they were not fit for girls. Then her brother started to college, but she would have asked in vain for admission to the same literary halls. And so had she been disappointed when she looked over the various pursuits of life, and saw that there were many denied to her. In literature, in law, and in religion, woman was everywhere disappointed. Men would be disappointed too, for so nearly are father and mother, sister and brother, man and wife, allied to each other, that whatever affected one must affect all. She then stated, that to push forward the movement fastest, they should petition to legislatures, should subscribe for Woman's Rights papers, and buy and circulate the tracts. She lastly recommended a small volume of tracts which had been brought for sale, and hoped that it would be circulated.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose said that it was very singular that what was most admired in man was most condemned in woman. When a nation was groaning under oppression, a people that had gained the blessings of freedom would not extend help unless the oppressed showed a disposition to throw off the yoke. One of the arguments of slaveholders against the abolition of slavery was, that the negroes did not desire freedom. When you hear a woman say that she has rights enough, beware of her, for he that is the most submissive slave, will, when opportunity offers, become the greatest tyrant. When we asked our fashionable women to give their names to our petitions to secure enactments by legislation to grant woman her right to her offspring, to her earnings, and to vote, they said they had rights enough; but when these petitions should accomplish their desired object, they will say that these rights are just and ought to belong to us.

Mr. Danton, of Cincinnati, gave utterance to his emotions:—Woman's Rights were commensurate with her duties. Her duty is to develop her mental and moral powers to their fullest extent, and to do this, she should have full opportunity. It was her duty to teach the race, especially in the earlier years of life. Every individual, man and woman had a sphere in which to act, and they should not allow any person to dictate what that sphere was. We should inquire what our sphere is, "should stand upon the *shin-bones* (?) of our own manhood," and when we feel convinced what is the proper direction of labor, to devote every energy to accomplish all within our power.

Mr. Rice, of Hungary, made the concluding speech. The principal point he made was that woman is too generally regarded as only fitted to be a mother, "the rich soil from which to produce a good crop."

Convention adjourned to 7 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

After the reading of the minutes, Mrs. Cutter took the stand, and said that the women in the present reform not only demanded their rights, but also asked a protection of those rights, and wished to secure this through having the elective franchise. The absence of law to secure justice very often leads to the summary administration of justice.

Mrs. Rose said that what motion was to the physical world, agitation was to the moral and social world. Every strata in the physical world must become solidified before another can be commenced, so each step of reform must be consummated prior to the introduction of a succeeding step. This country is the best calculated for the Woman's Rights movement. The mind of the people of the old world is not developed to that point necessary for its admission, but in our country it is. Humanity recognizes no distinction of sex, neither does mind, nor does pleasure or pain. The speaker then alluded to taxation and representation. Woman is differently constituted from man, how then can he legislate for her? Tyrannical Governments enforce laws against the will of the subjects; here in our country laws are passed without consulting one-half of the population.—She then drew a comparison between the education of men and women. Parents give to their sons an education that will enable them to be useful and honorable in after life. The only object that society has yet recognized in the education of woman, is to fit her for marriage. The education of one class of women fits them to cook a dinner, to sew on a button, and, if necessary rock the cradle; that of another may be to perform a little music, and perhaps to paint sufficiently to tinge their own cheeks. She did not underrate these employments, but they were not enough to call out all her powers. When a young man leaves the College walls he enters the limitless school of nature—but woman, when she returns home, her school-days over, she has no broad fields of science given her to traverse. The young are woman's to educate; she lays the basis upon which the future superstructure is to be erected. She cannot impart strength if she is weak herself. And again, most of the wrecks of families that may be seen, are but the result of woman not being fitted by education to be a proper help-mate for man.

Lucretia Mott said that since the time of the delegation of women to the provisional government of France down to the present there have been movements in this direction, all conducted with intelligence, and if not with desired success, yet not without effect. We now ask that all legal, ecclesiastical and social disabilities be removed, and ask it not as a boon but as a right. In the pulpit only men may be found as expounders of the Bible, and to these women must pin their faith. The speaker took exceptions to the ordinary marriage ceremony. She stated that Judge Walker, of this city, was the first to differ from Blackstone's disquisition on English law, and quoted from Walker: "When a man and woman marry they become one person, and that person is the husband." She then dwelt some time upon the countenance that had been given to the movement.

Mrs. Blackwell then read this petition, which she asked gentlemen who were old enough to vote, and ladies who were old enough and ought to vote, to sign:

PETITION FOR WOMAN'S RIGHTS—To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of Ohio:

Whereas, the Women of the State of Ohio are recognized as citizens by the Constitution, and yet are disfranchised on account of sex only—We demand for them the Right of Suffrage," a right which involves all other rights of citizenship, and one that cannot be justly withheld.

It is evident that it cannot justly be withheld when we consider the admitted principles of popular government, which are the following:

- 1st. That all men are born free and equal.
- 2d. That all governments derive its just powers from the consent of the governed.
- 3d. That taxation and representation should go together.
- 4th. That those held amenable to a system of laws, should have a share in making those laws.

We the undersigned do therefore petition that you will at once take the necessary steps

to revise the constitution of our State that all her citizens may enjoy equal political privileges.

After reading the above she made an address in which she assumed woman's right to the elective franchise, and supported these grounds taken by arguments and strengthened them by a vivid representation of existing inequality in legal enactments and its results.

Convention adjourned till 10 o'clock this morning.

MORNING SESSION.

Mrs. EMERSON, of Cincinnati, said that she looked over these United States and saw men had every advantage and that the offerings of Europe come here and join political bodies, and were then allowed to petition to Legislatures and soon enjoy our privileges. Again, she looked over the country and saw that the men had larger brains than the women, and therefore, thought that the former will always rule over the latter. That woman would never receive the political rights demanded.

Mrs. BLACKWELL, dissented from her stranger friend who uttered the above, and could assert for one that she had a will of her own and a pretty strong one too. She then read extracts from a letter from the pen of Annie Denton Cridge who has been lecturing in Canada, which stated that the laws in that province were more liberal towards woman than in any other portion of North America, and specified in what particulars, among which was the privilege to vote in some instances.

JOSEPH BARKER, of Ohio, formerly of England, arose to reply to the remarks of the lady who first spoke. He said that the function of man's brain was not to rule alone, but that there were nobler aspirations. We should not judge what man shall be by what he now is; he has learned to govern himself, he may yet learn to grant rights to others. It is not always the case that the weak fall to obtain their rights when they demand them. Generosity sometimes impels man to act in a noble direction. If slaves in the West Indies were liberated by those far removed from them, may not women receive their rights from those with whom they are intimately associated in every social relation? He allowed that the wives of Jacob had not a very comfortable time of it, and then discarded upon the penalties that in olden times were attached to unfortunate females, and especially to those, who, must unfortunately, were mothers to a girl instead of a boy, and from these, together with allusions to Solomon's numerous household, drew some very soothing deductions. Thought Know Nothingism would not prevent the spread of liberal principles.

ADELIN SWIFT, of Elyria, Ohio, next took the stand; she said she regretted that laws existed that made it necessary for her to become a fault-finder. There is one code of laws for white men, and another code for women and colored persons. She then drew a comparison between the condition of married women and Southern slaves, and stated the fact that men made the laws of the land! Should man assume the prerogative to mark out a woman's sphere, and say "thus far shalt thou go and no farther?" The laws that make a distinction on account of color and sex are unconstitutional. There were two classes of nobility in the United States—the slaveholders of the South, who rule their slaves, and the nominally free men of the North, who rule their wives. She then discussed the objections urged against women voting occasionally.

ly/enlivening her remarks with telling a hit. The common objection that women was not competent to exercise the elective franchise, she thought was a concession that any man ought to be ashamed to make. To admit that his wife was no better calculated to vote than the ignoramuses and wrecks of mankind who often exercise this right!

FRANCIS D. GAGE, formerly of Ohio, and now of St. Louis, Mo. She took a text some extracts from yesterday morning's paper. She asked where was the origin an truthfulness that to preserve the purity of society woman must be kept in subjection, and asserted that if woman was admitted on an equality with man she could be more influential for good. Much had been said about the similarity of the condition of women and slaves. She did not object to that, for there were negroes with whom any woman might be proud to be ranked. She said that she would hereafter speak on the necessity of a greater physical development of women.

Mrs. BLACKWELL, read a letter from Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y., in which he endorsed in warm language, the Woman's Rights movements.

Adjourned till 2½ o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A motion was made that the names on the list of officers, of persons not present, be struck off.

Mrs. Blackwell then read the resolutions previously laid on the table, and submitted this:

Resolved, since one of the most effectual means we can now use to secure equal political and legal rights is the circulation of petitions, it is, therefore, the duty of women in their respective States, to ask the legislators for the elective franchise, and to ask until it is granted.

She then urged upon the members of the Convention the necessity of doing all within their power, making every exertion to circulate petitions, and beat up for volunteers. She said that she had not now the same confidence in man that she used to have.

The Mrs. President then introduced Mr. Blackwell, (the other half of Lucy Stone Blackwell). He discarded upon woman's voting, deducing from his arguments that if she was similar to man in her constitution, or different from him yet as republicans, men could not refuse them the right of a voice in the government. And contended that men had degraded woman just as low as statute law could place them. He then inquired why the woman who makes an honest livelihood, is by so doing robbed of almost every meed of respect? He thought that the few avocations left open to women, and the meager remuneration afforded by these few, was what made one-eighth of the adult women of New York, and one-twelfth of those in our city, prostitutes.

The resolutions were then adopted. After some discussion, it was decided that the next Annual National Woman's Rights Convention should be held in the city of New York.

Mrs. Emerson, whose remarks in the morning had enlisted frequent allusions, said that gentlemen speakers seem to think that the ladies' brain will enlarge; that would be inconvenient with their weak bodies at least. It remained to be proven that men would not always rule.

Mrs. Cutler then made some remarks in which she insisted that ladies should never be satisfied with less than the elective franchise.

Mrs Hibbard of Chicago, thought that the present movement will meet countenance from JEHOVAH and the blessed of Heaven. She related her personal experience of the inequality and injustice in regard to taxation without representation.

Adjourned till 7 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

This was devoted to listening to speeches.

Mrs. Francis D. Gage said that she would address her remarks to the needs of women. These were physical strength, education, independence and employment. In no country do the women need physical strength so much as in the United States. To the weakness of the mothers must be attributed the sickly race of youth in our midst. The reason of woman's debility was the denial to her of most of the employments of life. She then spoke of the varied opportunities offered to men to employ their talents. Her education is not sufficiently practical. Her education should be such as would fit her to be a companion to an intelligent husband. To fit her to become a mother, woman's mind should be expanded by proper education, that she may impart to her children knowledge that would tend to develop the young mind, and to be useful to them in after years. Woman wants independence to shake off the trammels of society. She wants the independence of the ballot box, to remodel the laws of the land. Woman wants employment that will make her independent, develop her physical powers, enable them to amass wealth. Ladies should apply themselves to whatever avocation their minds may lead them. Did not think it necessary for a lady to leave any kind of business she might choose in order to get married. In conclusion, the speaker read some stanzas. During the address she elicited considerable applause.

Mrs. Blackwell stated that sufficient money had not been taken to defray the expenses of the Hall. A collection was taken up.

Mrs. Mott said that she was so prone to look on the bright side that she was hardly fitted to follow the former speakers. She spoke of the advantages which women now enjoy to what they formerly did. She mourned that men, (as Emerson and Man,) who commanded large audiences, took a limited view of some things. Alluded to woman as an authoress; and the happy influence she had exerted in regard to elevating romance. She met the arguments that are sometimes based upon assertions in the Bible, and assured her auditors that she could find plenty in that book to support the present movement. Throughout her speech she made many very happy hits, and was often applauded.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose took the stand. We think that the point in her speech was that women had better spend their money and time in pushing forward the present reform, than in furthering foreign missionary enterprises. She concluded by insisting that women should persist in demanding the right of suffrage until it was granted. The speech was an able one and commanded marked attention.

After the announcement of some lectures the Convention adjourned.

THOUGHTS FROM MY GARDEN SEAT.

MORNING-GLORIES!—One, two, three, four, five varieties! pale blue, white pink, dark purple, glowing crimson, and white flecked with blue and crimson—airy as the clouds, with a living transparent brightness in their cups, as if they were woven of light and air. Other flowers have their days, some their weeks, of gradual development—of mature fullness, of slow decay; the morning-glory is new every morning. It has only a few

fresh hours, and then closes forever, and instead of a half-withered, slowly-decaying flower, lo! to-morrow, we have all new ones, sprung as by one magic touch from the womb of night. Ages ago, the Hebrew poet said of the fairest and only One, the source and essence of all beauty, His mercies are new every morning.

These morning-glories in their unvalued commonness, and yet their ethereal beauty, are a living emblem of that daily love which God shows us, daily, when we wake the seeming death of sleep to a new lease of life, a new present of all its adornments and comforts.

Our garden is a perfect jungle of Petunias. That flower, so encouraging to the souls of immature gardeners—so hopeful, so full of vanity, so persistent in bloom that no exuberance can possibly exhaust it. We have taken from the ground a petunia that has been flaunting its blossoms all summer, cut it down for our winter window garden, and seen it bloom then with new vigour all when spring came go back into the ground and flower on all summer, without one pause suggestive of weariness. Ah! how few among our living friends are there that correspond to petunias. Now and then one we have seen whose exuberant youthfulness, whose joyous hopefulness no blossoming could exhaust—people, as was said of one, who every day came down to breakfast as if some sudden good fortune had befallen them—but in our work-a-day world these are few. For such a character is required, first, an unperverted, well-trained physical system, where every natural law has been sacredly regarded, and second, a soul balanced and attuned to a divine cheerfulness springing from faith in God and love to man—and how rarely are these two found together! Many of our friends have fine souls—how few are whole and sound in soul and body—yet the finest, best tempered soul in the world acts but crazily through an imperfect and wrecked body! One might as well expect to hear Mozart's melodies come out uninjured through a cracked flute. Too many of us, morally and physically, are half-hot-house plants. With exact care and disposition, and with exactly well adapted situation, culture, exposure, rain and sunshine, we get blossoms; but otherwise we are dry sticks enough. We have no virtues that can take care of themselves and bloom in spite of circumstances.

Verbenas also, are an encouraging growth, requiring only sunshine enough for untiring bloom. People with shaded borders should eschew them for they will not blossom without a plenary fullness of sunlight. Too much sun and heat they scarce can have, and they lift their heads to it with an exultant glow; they are like rich, poetic, artistic natures, which revel in congenial warmth and culture, but become wilted, bloomless, and stunted, in cold, shaded, ungenial situations. Many persons can no more be judged of in such situations, than can the verbenas which some of our neighbors are fond of planting in shady borders under the drip of over-arching trees. "I see no beauty about the thing," they say; "it's a miserable, yellow, lank-growing vine—without form or comeliness." Yet, friend, give sunshine, and you will see what it can do. Some of the most gorgeous and splendid natures may have all their lives in this world passed for miserable failure—simply because the sunshine of congeniality and opportunity never awakened what was in them to bloom; and there may in the future life be glorious blossoms on plants which seemed poor and stunted here.

But, oh! these weeds! what, only a week since garden beds and alleys were faithfully cleaned, and now behold!

Yet one word about these weeds. A friend said to us the other day, Does it not seem a piece of impertinence to seize on a piece of ground and vehemently uproot and destroy what nature inclines to place there, and insist on the growth of something which apparently she cares very little about? Who does not see that mignonette, larkspurs, and cypress vines, are not nature's pets—she expresses herself with a far more hearty energy in burdock, pigweed, and smartweed? These are her thrifty children; our so-called flowers are her step sons, penuriously and grudgingly brought up. What makes one thing a weed, and another a flower? We have seen growing in trodden paths

by the sand and dust of the wayside, weeds fairer than some green-house nurslings. The weed of one country is the cherished exotic of another.—Our mullein flourishes in English gardens, under the cognomen of the American velvet plant, and the wild heath of her moors is our green-house nursling.

We thought sometimes that flowers, could they speak, would complain of this capricious standard of valuation. But the same thing runs through the living world. There is one Mrs. A. who is broad and fat, a coarse talker, a loud laughter, a heavy feeder, and there is another Mrs. A. who is just the same—but the world call one of them a flower, and the other a weed. One is the rich Mrs. A., and the other is the poor Mrs. A., and that makes all the difference. One is designated as a *ex bon point*—the other as broad and fat. One is insufferably vulgar—the other is "so peculiar and original;" in short, one is the garden plant, and the other the roadside weed.

We confess to certain remorseful yearnings in favour of weeds, when we observe the persistent assiduity with which nature endeavors to give them a foothold in the world. How is a believer in universal toleration and freedom of development to reconcile it to his conscience to give pigweed and pusley no chance? Pigweed has æsthetic merits; his leaf is elegant, in good soil he becometh soon a shapely shrub. Whoso will examine the pink leaves of a very young pigweed through a microscope, will find them frosted with a glittering incrustation, of the most brilliant beauty. A few sparkles of dew lying cradled in these pink leaves, have often stayed our hand in full process of weeding and raised the query why should this be only a weed? About smartweed, now, the question is easier answered. He has no graces, no fine points—his leaves of a dingy hue, with dull spots—his flower of a dirty pink, his odour coarse and rank—all declare him to be a weed by nature as well as position.

One of our own ideas of a garden is a certain wild abandon or freedom of growth similar to what one sees in woods and hedges. Trim gardens, where every plant is propped and tied, and divided with exactest care; have their own beauty, but there is (so at least we hope) beauty also in dense masses of flowers which grow, and twine, and mingle together as if nature had planted them. Perforce, such has been the shape of our own gardening affairs; our beds are so full that the ground is scarcely to be seen; flowers lean over each other—vines intertwine, they mat, and run, and blossom in each other's embrace, as if they grew in a meadow. Here and there, a hardy weed, if he have any prepossessing points, is allowed a niche, unless some amateur young gardener, zealous for etiquette, pulls him up in our absence. Humming birds and sparrows come and go among our flowers, and every day as we explore the jungle we find some new development.

This humming-bird! child of air and light, winged jewel! ethereal vision! what shall we say of him? Suppose some good clucking hen as she scratches in the garden, should deliver to her chicks an opinion of him.

Standing on one leg, with her eye cocked upward, she watches his gyrations, as he dips first at the coral tubes of the honeysuckle, and then dances through beds of petunias and verbenas. "See! my children," she says, "what absurd, irrational conduct. Did you ever see me do so? What if I should go flying about pecking honeysuckle blossoms? Don't tell me that a bird can live on such fare as that. Don't it take corn-meal, potatoes and worms, to keep us alive, and can a living be got by figuring round among roses and jessamines?—What utter neglect of all solid tastes and pursuits! If I had the bringing up of that creature, she should learn to scratch and eat corn-meal as a rational bird should! Don't tell me about her fine colours! all trumpery! and graceful motions! pah! what are they good for!—do they dig a single worm, or hatch a single chicken?"

Many of the judgments which human beings pass on each other are about as sensible as this.—*H. B. Stow, in the Independent.*

The world is full of poetry, the earth is living with the music of its melody.